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THE season for the gathering in Quarterly and Yearly Meetings is approaching. The delightful days of June invite to these holy convocations. Shall not these occasions be seized as opportunities in which to do much for our mission interests? There comes an enthusiasm from heart touching heart. It is said that the worth of woman's work is exactly equal to the amount of *heart power* put into it. Shall not as many as possible go up to these feasts?

THE information is sent us by a member of the Foreign Mission Board, that the meeting in Boston, April 30, was well attended. The Rev. J. McLeod, of St. John, New Brunswick, the president of the society, as organized at the General Conference under the new charter, was present and occupied the chair. He is spoken of as having a pleasant bearing, and will not fail to command the respect of his associates.

All who know the pressing needs of our mission work in India will be glad to hear of the appointment of the Rev. F. D. George and his wife. Mr. George is now pastor at Georgiaville, Rhode Island. He is a graduate of Bates College, and is to be the "Bates Missionary," supported, if possible, by the college and the F. B. churches in Lewiston

and in Auburn, an adjoining city. Mr. and Mrs. George expect to sail the coming fall. Attention was given by the Board to the debt to the Permanent Fund, and it is hoped, that at no distant day, such measures will be put into active operation as will cancel it entirely.

IN the *Andover Review* for April, President Ward has suggestive thoughts with reference to the church and new settlements. Much is being done for education regardless of geographical lines, and the "Peabody Fund," the "Slater Fund," the "Vanderbilt University," the work of the American Missionary Society, and other kindred things "are unifying the nation and making its best features permanent." Government seconds these private means with generous gifts of land. In the new settlements every day is precious for the proper shaping of society, and there is nothing to make headway for the common good but education and religion. It is difficult to set in motion the machinery of education at the right time. President Ward thinks that the church, through its missionary organizations, whose business it is to see that churches are established, can enter more promptly and easily, and he says, "If only the churches knew the value of their opportunity, and their great advantage in this work of shaping kingdoms, they would pour out money and push forward men, no matter how loudly and plausibly timid souls, theorizing at a safe distance from the front, called for a halt in the name of 'Christian comity.'"

THERE may be to-day those who are imitating the example of the woman in the gospel, who cast all her living into the Master's treasury. Now and then the privilege is granted to know something of the struggles of some whose hearts are stirred by the needs of those who perish without the bread of life, and who wish to do what they can to help supply this need, though what they do may seem to them small and unimportant.

For some time we have held a quantity of photographic pictures, of the painting, "Ecce Homo," which a sister has given as an offering. One whose three-score and ten years are more than numbered, and whose form will soon need only the drapery of the "narrow house," but whose spirit will wear the habiliments of light, sends us word that she has two shawls which she wishes to contribute to the treasury. Another, whose earthly support was taken away years since, and who, feeble in health, lives on in loneliness, proposes to knit edging to pay for her *HELPER*, and to obtain means to contribute her two cents a week. Who will follow their examples, or will help these sisters make their desires effective?

THE following is an excellent illustration of the benefit of division of care and labor, and of the value of attention to things apparently small. The Rev. Mr. McFarlane, a Scotch missionary who has been studying the plans and methods of the German mission societies, finds that some of the societies have an admirable system of collection, and of working parties. It seems that a number of ladies, six or more, hold a meeting every fortnight, of about three hours, at some member's house, and make articles of clothing for the missions, one of the members reading to the party the most recent intelligence from the mission-field. "Women are appointed as collectors, each collector looking after ten contributors and no more. If she meets others who are willing to contribute, a new collector is appointed to form another ten. For every ten collectors there is a superior collector. Each member of these groups gives three marks annually. The collections are taken weekly. Special collections are also taken in the churches and missions. Most of the German societies are voluntary and not ecclesiastical organizations. Mr. McFarlane speaks highly of the fullness and accuracy of the German missionary literature, which is, he says, provided in abundance. He gives the statistics of nine societies, showing that they have 517 missionaries, 65,062 native Christian communicants, 178,783 adherents, and an annual income of \$620,705."

Ah! Who Can Tell?

AH! who can tell what waits us when the veil
 That hides that other life is rolled away?
 Beyond its bounds mysterious, what dreads assail?
 What lies within its shadows, who can say?

What waits up there
 Beyond our sight?
 Hope or despair,
 Or day or night?
 Whence flies the soul when it cast off the clay?
 Ah! who can tell?

Our loved ones die; through mists of blinding tears
 In deepest gloom despairingly we grope;
 Forebodingly we see the lonely years
 Unlighted by their love, uncheered by hope.

Ah! who can tell
 Where are our dead?
 Will all be well
 When life is fled?

Guard they our path o'er life's descending slope?
 Ah! who can tell?

E'en while we weep, the tears that ease the heart,
 In rays prismatic paint th' o'erhanging skies,
 And a new hope of our great grief a part,
 In faith prophetic to the doubt replies:

"Bodies must die—
 Death is their goal,
 Lowly they lie—
 Not so the soul:
 God keepeth that with ever-watchful eyes—
 All will be well."

By sorrow proved, made pure by trials here,
 The chastened heart looks upward for relief,
 And holds in spirit that communion dear
 Which is the well-spring of this sweet belief.

After the strife
 Cometh a rest;
 Eternal life—
 Forever blest.

The soul He gathers home, a precious sheaf,
 And all is well.

—*Sunday Magazine.*

THE first number of *The Woman's Friend*, the illustrated zenana paper for the women of India, published by the M. E. W. M. Society, is issued from Lucknow. It is an eight-page paper, is lithographed, and is printed in the Urdu language. It is anticipated that it will soon be published in Hindu also.

Be not Weary in Well Doing.

[BY MRS. V. G. RAMSEY.]

PERMIT me, through the *HELPER*, to say a few words to our sisters, who throughout the land are the support of our mission work, and on whose fidelity its permanence and success depend.

I have discovered that, amid the many cares which press on us, there is nothing easier than to forget that we are individually responsible, not only for the support of our workers whom we have sent into the field, but also for the success of their labor. Surely this should not be so, for the consequences of this forgetfulness are most deplorable, and God-dishonoring. If any of us have *forgotten* or *neglected* to send to the treasury the small sum that constitutes us a member of the Woman's Missionary Society, let us remember that if all others have done the same, the stream is dry on which our weary workers depend for their support. Oh! my sisters, is there one of us who can contemplate such a contingency without alarm? Is there one of us who is willing to be responsible for such a catastrophe if it comes?

Do we believe the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation? Do we feel that its joys are the crowning blessings of our present lives — that we owe to it all our hopes of eternal happiness, and while we accept all this, are we indifferent to the Master's command to give as freely as we receive? To give, not only for the sake of our perishing fellow-mortals, but most of all for His sake, "Who though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty may be rich."

How is it possible we can forget this work! Is it not *our work* — the work put into our hands by our Lord, which *we* are to do as a proof of our love and loyalty to Him? He has said "If ye love me keep my commands." We may not heed the cries for help that come to us from those who are dying in the darkness of heathenism; we may be unmindful of our obligations to each other as fellow-laborers with mutual responsibilities; we may not care that the burdens we lay down are taken up and borne by others whose hearts will not suffer them to see the work fail, though to do their own part and ours, they must deny themselves; but is it pos-

sible that we who have been redeemed by the blood of Christ can forget our obligation to obey Him? Is it possible if we love Him that we do not feel it is a privilege, a joy, to do something to advance His kingdom?

I know there are those who regard it as a matter of little importance whether they pay two cents a week for this work or not. I fear the very insignificance of the sum makes them careless. It is so little it could be paid at any time, but the year is allowed to glide away and it is not done. I know it may be said, the "treasurer should see that all members pay"; but there are many treasurers who will sooner make up the amount out of their own purses than ask for these small sums. Why should we force our treasurers to ask us for money, when they do it with such reluctance?

Dear sisters, let us keep our hearts so warm with the love of Christ, that instead of forgetting to do the little to which we have been accustomed, we shall be asking how we can do more to glorify His dear name. While we do not forget to contribute our money for our mission, let us remember this is the smallest part of what we owe to this great work. We must pray more for the outpouring of the Spirit on our laborers and on our fields. We must get our souls into sympathy with Him who so loved the world, that He died to save it. We must not be satisfied with what we can do ourselves, we must use the influence we possess to enlist others in the work. Here is a great opportunity for service; let us not neglect it. Every auxiliary may be enlarged if faithful efforts are made. New auxiliaries may be formed and the circle of influence may be greatly widened. How saddening it is to learn from the reports that so many churches do nothing in this work, and yet in every one of those churches there are women who would gladly give if the way was opened to them. There is much work to be done before the "uttermost parts of the earth shall see the salvation of our God." Be not weary in well doing.

A BUDDHIST priest in Burmah has the power of delivering a criminal who is condemned to death. A man is being led out to die. A procession of priests is seen advancing. One of them, without saying a word, takes off his robe, and puts it on the prisoner. Instantly the guard removes the chains, and the man is free.

A Glimpse of Heathendom in Mexico.

THROUGH the kindness of friends we are permitted to give to our readers extracts of a communication from Miss Hastings, one of the missionaries of the Methodist W. Missionary Society to that country. It opens to our view another portion of the great harvest field. . . .

Augusta and Calambo Zapata are mending my worn-out clothes, and I am writing instead. At present a good friend is boarding me, so that I am saved the trouble of thinking about my daily bread. It is a privilege I have seldom enjoyed in this country. The walk to my meals takes time, but the exercise does me good.

I often long for just a few hours at home, and yet I believe I would rather be here than anywhere else in the world. How sweet it would be to spend a Sunday at home!

I cannot tell you what Sunday is like in this country. I do not know but I have tried and failed, but I will try again. About four o'clock in the morning, clang, clang, the discordant bells calling to mass. Then, perhaps, rockets or guns add their racket. Then comes a military band, or a circus band, or, at least, a number of drummers. Meanwhile people rush to attend to their week's marketing, and whatever else of business or pleasure can be crowded into a Sunday morning.

At the breakfast table yesterday, the talk was of a well-known citizen who was shot the previous evening going home with the proceeds of successful gambling. He had killed eleven men at different times, and at last met his doom. After breakfast came our little English prayer-meeting, an oasis of sweet refreshing in the desert. As there was no Mexican preacher I talked and read to the people awhile of God's good gifts to men ; taking the place of organist also.

At noon came out a gorgeous parade of bull-fighters, masked clowns on horse-back, dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, decked with beads and bangles glistening in the sunlight, with carts to carry away the slaughtered animals, and a gaily painted wheelbarrow for the blood. With music and shouts they go up and down the principal streets, gathering the excited crowds to the building where four fierce animals are to be tortured for the amusement of the people of the city. As I passed along from tea the fight was at its

height, the crowds cheering uproariously. Some children who had climbed to a neighboring roof to steal a peep, said a poor horse had just been torn open by the horns of a furious animal. Not wishing to hear that the gaily decorated riders had in turn been torn or trampled to death, I hastened home, a few rods beyond. The dogs probably spent the night feasting on the dead bodies.

The little daughter of the governor of this state is a member of our school. When will he cease to patronize these hideous barbarities!

A little distance from us crowds have been visiting the relics of Santa Columba, a privilege only to be enjoyed on special occasions, this being the festival of San Francisco De Asis, who was worshiped yesterday; also of our Lady of Rosario, the holy angel keeper of this nation. To-day is the day San Suis Bethram advocates against the cholera morbus. Every few days the different churches advertise the exposition or exhibition of the most divine one, or the divine majesty. All day to-morrow is devoted to the worship of San Francisco de Borgia.

I could not furnish the list to-night, nor could you spare the time to read it. If this is not heathendom, what is it?

God grant that the entrance of his word may give light and life.

Only To-day.

ONLY to-day for sorrow!
If God has bidden me weep,
I'll think the brightest to-morrow
Soon over the night will creep;
And so I will only pray
That He give me grace to-day!

Only to-day for labor!—
Each day by itself alone;
With its helping for my neighbor,
And its watching for my own;—
And so I do with my might—
And so I walk in the light!

Only to-day for living!
Fresh, plain to understand,
With its loving and doing and giving
Brought close to my heart and hand,—
Since to-day, for aught I know,
Is all I shall have below!

—Rev. W. R. Cochrane.

Correspondence.

[FROM MISS FRANKLIN.]

THE LOVE OF KNOWLEDGE.

OUT of the busy days that follow each other you expect us to take at least a few minutes to tell you something of what we are doing; because out of the many friends who have given their means, and who pray very often that the work at Storer College may go on, there are comparatively few who have visited us, or expect to do so.

It would be a misrepresentation to tell you that our students are all model ones, for, as in the case in schools attended by their fairer brothers and sisters, there are those who are just the opposite. But this is not the prevailing class. It is easily seen that young men and women who are obliged to work their way through school can far better appreciate the value of time and education than those who have friends to support them. It is not hard for any of us to understand why a young man who has fitted for college will make many sacrifices to secure that four years' course, but I doubt whether any of us who have had no such experience can fully appreciate that something,—shall I call it *heroism*?—which impels a man who can barely read, or who, perhaps, does not know even the alphabet, to save out of the too often scant earnings of six or nine months what it requires to keep him in school the balance of the year.

Among the students who came in last fall was a man in nearly middle life, who had never been to school, and who deliberated awhile as to whether he should hire his board or board himself. He at last settled it by going to one of the teachers, and asking her to count up for him the difference of cost between the two. When he found that he would be able to stay a month or two longer by boarding himself, he resolved to do it, though, as he said, he hated "mighty" to cook.

One of our young ladies who works all through vacation was so unfortunate as to have the entire earnings of her summer's work stolen, just as it was time for her to come back to school. This made her later getting in than usual, and reduced her to the necessity of self-boarding. I called on her at her room a few evenings ago, and it was the picture of neatness. No sign or scent of the meals daily prepared

there was visible. The snowy coverings of the bed were rivaled in whiteness only by the window curtains. The long stretch of floor relieved by one strip of carpet gave no suggestion of mud or dust. And this meant a great deal, for those of us who stay in the buildings farthest away from Anthony Chapel, often in going to and from there, wade through mud several inches deep. An inexpensive plank walk, which we hope some lover of good order will feel called upon to provide us, would save many hours of cleaning.

The young lady above referred to has no father, and meets with no sympathy from her mother in her work of self-education, yet she has pressed on in the face of many difficulties. She is a member of Dr. Fulton's church in Brooklyn, N. Y., and is an earnest Christian and a faithful pupil.

Just now we are especially grateful for the assistance of Mrs. Jenness, of Vermont, who is a great help to Mrs. Brackett, and whose efficient instruction and general kindness have already won her a way to the hearts of many pupils.

Ah, Christian friends, there is a great deal to be done toward educating the freedmen of America! The work is but just begun! You who wish to invest in the Lord's treasury will find abundant opportunity among us here at Harper's Ferry. Our needs are many, and who shall doubt the willingness of our God to reward all who lend to *Him*?

HARPER'S FERRY, WEST VA.

[FROM MISS BACHELER.]

PRIMARY SCHOOLS IN BENGAL.

Besides the government schools, which are of a high grade, there are many little private schools called *Patshallas* (lesson houses), where children are taught the rudiments. Sometimes they are held inside four walls, but usually on a wide veranda, the mud floor of which is kept smooth and clean by a daily washing with a thick mixture of cowdung, earth, and water. The teacher sometimes has a low wooden stool to sit on, but oftener a bit of matting. He has a stick, but seldom uses it, as the heathen children are *avâle*, and go to school to learn and not to be troublesome.

The day when a little boy first takes his hard gray chalk pencil in his hand and goes to school is an eventful one, and there is usually feasting at home. But before this the astrologers must be interviewed: and after an incredible amount of

figuring and consulting the stars, they fix on the auspicious day. Sometimes these calculations take several weeks. The day fixed, the little boy, clad in his new cloth (perhaps the first one he ever kept on so long at a time) takes his seat on the floor, and the teacher makes a large copy of the first four letters of the alphabet on the floor, and tells him to write it and then name the letters. This the little fellow does with intervals of play and looking about, until the copy is a blur of chalk-marks. Then the teacher writes it over, and the boy goes on again until he can write the letters below the copy.

When he has in this way got through the alphabet of forty-eight letters, his father buys him a primer, and he sits with the older boys on the matting against the wall, and there he sways back and forth, committing each page to memory at the top of his voice.

Meanwhile he has learned to count and repeat the tables, as the closing exercise of the school consists of the boys standing in a row, while one of them says the tables, line by line, the rest repeating in unison after him. This is done with such emphasis that the sound is heard at some distance.

Our little boy has long narrow palm-leaves to write on now instead of the floor, and every day he takes them home covered with figures and sentences from his lesson-books, and every morning brings them back washed clean. These smooth leaves serve as his slate, and he has a coarse stub pen made from a reed with which to write, and a little flat earthen ink-bottle, with a string tied around the neck.

At the end of four or five years our little boy is ready to graduate from the *Patshalla*, having gone through the First, Second, and Third Primers, *Aesop's Fables*, Rudiments of Knowledge, the little Arithmetic containing numerous tables, and having learned the multiplication-table thoroughly up to twenty times twenty.

This is something the way in which heathen primary schools are conducted in our part of India. They are almost exclusively for boys. It was the missionaries' privilege to inaugurate the education of the pretty, bright little girls. But the astrologers are not consulted, no auspicious day is chosen when a little girl first goes to school. The boy, after graduating from the *Patshalla*, can go to college, but the girls are often taken from school before they have finished the first three primers, and sent away to their husbands' homes,

to commence lives of work, and care, and abject dependence. It was a great step in the civilization of India when heathen parents opened schools here and there exclusively for girls, and paid the teachers good wages to teach them until they went to their husbands' homes. Since then, little by little, parents and daughters became interested and ambitious, and the marriage-day would be delayed a little, that the daughters might have the advantages of school a little longer. A Hindu lady of high caste once remarked, "Formerly when a man wanted a wife, he asked if her complexion was fair; now he asks if she is educated." Another lady, a disciple of Keshub Chundra Sen, said to us one day, "I took my oldest daughter from school too soon (she was married at about eleven), the next one shall stay in school and get a good education in both Bengali and English, and we won't marry her until she is thirteen or fourteen." Thus gradually, but surely, is the Gospel leaven working.

NEW HAMPTON, N. H.

[FROM MISS HATTIE PHILLIPS.]

THE BALASORE GIRLS' SCHOOL.

Most, if not all, of the readers of the *Star* and *HELPER* know of the Balasore Chapel, and have heard the call for help to re-roof it. Some of them will remember the very neat and very accurate tinted lithographs of it that were published and sold probably more than a quarter of a century ago. Some of them may have a copy of it still hanging on their walls. The F. M. Society voted an appropriation to help put the chapel in repair, but for some reason only a pitiful fifty cents came by the last remittance! We sincerely hope the funds will be forthcoming so as to complete the roof before the rains begin in June.

But it was not of the chapel as a whole that I sat down to write. I want to tell our friends something of our Christian Girls' school and its equipments. Before I am done you may think I should have prefixed *not* to that last word. The history of the school I am not able to give, and my sister, who knows far more about it than I, is away, so I will merely give an item or two that I have heard her mention. When she came in 1878 she found it to consist of a few little girls,—less than a dozen, I think,—coming when they liked and doing as they pleased. The most enlightened Christian family in

the place seemed to feel it no disgrace to have its girls growing up in ignorance. By vigorous and persistent effort the state of things has so far improved that there is scarcely a family now that does not make a pretence, at least, of sending its girls to school, and that would not be ashamed of grown-up daughters who could not read. I think the school now numbers forty or more. The higher classes are taught by a young man, and the lower by a woman. In addition to their studies, nearly all the children who are old enough attend a daily sewing-class which keeps them busy nearly two hours. Some of them are learning to do quite neat work, and with some degree of independence. A short time ago the two in the most advanced class passed the government examination ; and on the whole very creditable work is being done. The school is in my sister's care, not mine (the sewing class excepted), hence I cannot speak very definitely of all its affairs.

This much, however, I do know, it is all but *homeless*, and its entire property consists of *one poor little blackboard* perhaps a yard long ! For a long time the school was held in the two tiny vestibules of the chapel. But the repairs, involving no end of bricks, mortar, beams, men, and general confusion, proved rather too much, and the advance classes with their teacher have been admitted into a room of the mission-house. The little ones are left to get on as best they can at the old place.

And now let me tell you of what we are hoping to do for the homeless little flock. Two years ago I made a special appeal to various personal friends in behalf of the building for the Midnapore Industrial. In response came contributions amounting to about \$175. Of this, \$137 was collected through the efforts of a dear friend and former fellow-worker in Chicago. Before the response came I was removed from Midnapore, and my friends hearing of it, a special request was made that the Chicago fund, having been made up almost exclusively by former pupils and personal friends who belonged to other denominations or no denomination, should be reserved and appropriated to my own work, wherever that should be. Twenty-five dollars of it I made over to the Midnapore work and retained the balance. After considering various projects for its investment (for I wished to put it into something that should be a permanent memorial of my Chicago friends), I decided to use a part or the whole of it for

the benefit of the homeless school, and in the following manner: The chapel has always been much larger than is needed for our ordinary or extraordinary use. Now the roof was to come off it seemed a good chance to partition off the back end, divide it into two nice rooms, not large, but large enough, change the large south windows into doors, and thus at one stroke make a home for the school, furnish cosy, social rooms for the weekly prayer-meetings, and provide extra class-rooms for the Sabbath School. But after the rooms are ready we shall be like Oliver Twist, still calling for *more*. More what? Mats and benches we shall not trouble our friends about, for children in this country know how to get on very cheaply in that respect; but we *do* want a *clock*, a *globe*, and some *wall-maps*, one of the hemispheres and one each of the continents; yes, and then some kind of a case of shelves in which these can be safely kept. For blackboard I hope to have a hard finish put on to a sufficient portion of the wall and use that. My sister found recently that very fair maps, printed in the vernacular, were to be had in Calcutta for about \$1.50 each, I think, and a nice little globe for about \$2.50. A "Peep of Day" clock, you at home know the price of better than I. But I presume this outfit could be bought for \$25.00. I wonder if there are not some children's bands that would be delighted to take \$5 shares in this good work, and so help the little folks out here to learn where in this great world they live, and where their little white-faced friends live. In the sewing-class, the other day, I suggested that those who learned to sew neatly would be allowed to sew for us, and would be paid for it, and asked how many would like to contribute of their earnings for this object. Quite a number of hands responded, and now for days,—yes, weeks,—seven of the oldest have had the promised work, and have been stitching away most industriously. Now don't be afraid, children, that your combined forces will overdo the thing, and we shan't know what to do with the funds, for, to be candid, we shall want at least three wall-lamps for our evening meetings in that same little "Chicago School-room." One thing I forgot to mention; about \$8 of the \$25 will be needed for the *almira*, as we call it, in which all these nice new things are to be locked up. Each band that will contribute to this fund shall have a nice card of mounted Himalaya ferns and mosses to put into its museum; providing, of course, its secretary will write me, giving address, etc., and

will send its contribution to Miss DeMeritte, marked "For the Chicago School-room in Balasore, care of Miss H. P. Phillips."

[FROM MISS COOMBS.]

INFORMATION — A "VISION."

The home mail is in this morning, bringing your card and the good news that I am to have *Woman at Work* for 1884. I have seen a few copies of the publication and liked it much, and now thank you very much for your kind thoughtfulness in requesting it of my friends, and them for granting your request. So many times I have wished I could place some of my good friends at home in some of the spots about here just for a little while, and I'm sure their views of mission work would change, and their interest in missions would grow wonderfully; and as I have wished, I wondered if to place the *HELPER* in their hands might not bring about something of the desired result. Accordingly I write to Miss DeMeritte to-day, to forward to you five dollars for subscriptions to the *HELPER*, and though those who receive it cannot come to the places themselves or become acquainted with the people by personal observation, it may be that the pictures given in the missionaries' letters may make these things more real to them. I know many generous, warm-hearted people who, I'm sure, if they can be made to *know* about these things cannot fail to become interested in them, and will help with their substance the workers who are here in the midst of so much ignorance, filth, immorality, and superstition, with enough glimmers of light to make them sure if they only keep on, this debris which has been collecting for generations can be cleared away. But how it would hearten and help if they could know that all their friends were taking hold with a will to aid in this God-given task!

I have a bright vision in which we have a room all our own, right in the heart of the city, where we can come and go as we please, and to which the babus and educated young men will come for Bible instruction, and where we may have temperance lectures, or lectures on various subjects, or any service we please. Our chapel is away out on the north side of Midnapore, quite a long walk from the more thickly settled portions, and besides it is known as the Christian meeting-house and we cannot get the outsiders into it to any extent.

I have been having a Sabbath-school class of native young men who can speak English. They come to Dr. Phillips' house, but not at all regularly. They tell the young man who goes to call them that if they could go to some hall nearer, they could get many to attend, but we can find no suitable room that the owner is willing to let us have, so I have pictured one of our very own. When the dear Lord sees that we can manage it, He will put it in somebody's heart to send the means for it, if it is best.

MIDNAPORE, March 16.

[FROM MRS. DR. J. L. PHILLIPS.]

My dear and only sister has been so terribly afflicted in losing four children during the last nineteen months, that when she came aboard the steamer as we were leaving it, I could not refuse to go home with her, and now my four children are making the others forget their sorrows a little. The mountain air here is delightfully delicious, I can't begin to tell you how good! I left Miss Hooper in Brooklyn with her sister, feeling much better. . . . She suffered very much on the voyage* and the doctors gave no encouragement, till we were crossing the Atlantic; the ship doctor then expressed his belief that she would soon be better on reaching home.

Often my husband has expressed the wish that some young man could be sent out at once, to live with him in our empty bungalow (house) and be learning the language and the people. This does seem very desirable, I wish it might be, and that the mission debt could be swept out. I can but trust that some new impulse will be given to the work. . . . I hope next week to be in East Providence, R. I., at our own home (?) (never any home but Midnapore again). These last swift blessed five years have wedded me to India as the previous ten could not.)

HAZLETON, Penn., April 29, 1884.

"When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee. When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

* Miss Hooper, in writing to a friend since reaching her home, thus refers to those sufferings: "I look back in a maze and wonder that I ever reached home, so many times it seemed I must give up the struggle for life. I longed to find a grave in the ocean, I suffered so."

A Query.

[BY MRS. JENNETH M. WEST.]

I HAVE read "Just a Word" from Mr. Williams about Home Mission work. It is a subject concerning which I have been perplexed for some time, and now resolve to ask through the *Helper* the questions I have asked many times elsewhere without receiving a reply. What is done with the home mission money we do raise? For four years, two-fifths of our contributions have been given for that purpose, and I do not know where a dollar of it has been expended. I am a pretty constant reader of the *Star*, the *Free Baptist*, and the *Helper*, and just now, lest I might have overlooked some source of information, I have consulted the *Register*. The name of our state, as well as that of several others, does not appear at all, yet quite frequently the treasurer's reports show receipts from them.

I do not write this to criticise, for I am confident that the Executive Boards who disburse this money do it in the fear of the Lord, but to emphasize the fact — *that people will not be interested in things which they know nothing about*. The *Helper* has made us acquainted with India and its toilers. I would that its pages had to be doubled to tell us what is being done in our own land. If home mission money is supporting evangelists, let them make themselves known. If a church has been enabled to build a house of worship or to secure a pastor by help from home mission money, let the fact be acknowledged in a way that will inspire others to give to and solicit for this fund. There are calls for help, but I have not yet been able to gather statistics enough of work done in our state to be able to present the matter when about to request a contribution. The foreign mission work, and also the educational, is more tangible. These I have presented and dropped the remark (with a silent prayer that no one would ask me questions), that two-fifths of the contributions are for home missions.

A sense of duty may move one to give, but it is the knowledge of accomplished work that begets enthusiasm. Is there not some one to give us a cheering report for the next *Helper* about home mission work?

It seems to me, as churches, states, and associations, our work is too isolated. I judge this from the number of re-

quests through our papers addressed to everybody in general, and to no one in particular. Let all funds from the remotest treasurers be sent to one common head or heart, and from there be distributed, those who receive acknowledging the same. This would put into circulation a life-current giving vigor to every member, establishing sympathy and dependence. Than did any suffer all would suffer, and did any rejoice all would rejoice.

But, dear sisters, let us never withhold the two-fifths, if sometimes it does seem like casting our bread upon the waters, rather than sowing on good ground where we may hope to see it grow. I think if we gave larger gifts it would be easier for those who disburse them to write something cheering, but let us hope for *something* to say when we ask for the next collection.

We might as well expect fruit from a tree whose roots are dead, as to expect to support foreign work without growth in the denomination at home. Verily, we must enlarge our souls by giving, and carry on this work laid upon us in a generous, intelligent way, or the Master will soon say, "Why cumber ye the ground?"

FAIRFIELD, MICH.

Personal Items.

In the last issue was announced the arrival of the steamer which brought Mrs. Phillips and her children and Miss Hooper to New York. The latter has gone to her friends with somewhat improved health.

Mrs. Phillips is entering upon the new conditions of her life, East Providence, R. I. She is situated in a plain cottage near her girlhood friend, Mrs. Fitz, the wife of the Rev. William Fitz, pastor of the Baptist church, their hearts having been knit more closely together during the years of labor, trial, and separation. Through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Fitz and Mrs. Bradbury, the cottage had been put in partial readiness. The children will enter school here, and it is hoped that Mrs. Phillips will find in the change, the rest which she so absolutely needs. The testimony from India is, that she must not be entreated to do public work for at least one year. Dear friends, send her words of cheer, but save her the tax of replying to your request for her assistance, till vigor is restored.

For the Young People.

Our Part.

[BY ALICE M. EDDY.]

T was time for the missionary meeting to begin. The clock had struck three some time ago, the Bible lay open on the table, a pile of gay sweeping-caps peeped from the society work-basket one side of it, a missionary letter on thin, foreign paper was spread out on the other, and five girls sat looking at each other, from opposite sides of the room, with expressions ranging between half-concealed fun and calm despair.

"Young ladies," said President Marian, impressively, "does it strike you that five girls is a remarkably large attendance at a missionary meeting in a church of two hundred members?"

"Especially when three out of the five are officers?" added Kitty Gray, with a liquid sweetness in her tones which called forth a sudden burst of laughter from all but the impressive president.

"There's another thing, too," broke in Elsie. "Here we are, pledged for one hundred dollars a year, and we don't get more than a quarter of that by membership dues; it all comes in our fair. And I don't see, with all the girls in our church, why we can't get that amount just by giving."

"Only, my dear," said Kitty, "there happens to be only twenty members in our society, and it isn't many girls in our church who can afford to give more than a dollar a year to missions."

"There ought to be seventy-five members this very day," said Marian. "Girls, why is it that we don't get hold of them? Of course we get all the help we want at fair-time, and we all have a good time then, and every one says, what a prosperous society this is; but it isn't just for a month or two in the year that I want them to say that, but all the time. I don't see what to do about it!"

"What set you thinking of that, May?" asked Jo Marston, from the other side of the room. "We've had small meetings before this, and we've just as many members now as we ever had."

Marian was silent for a few minutes. The girls knew by her face that "something was coming."

"I'll tell you what it is," she said, at last; it's that new Mrs. Gore that's just come into our church, you know. I heard her talking in the street-car this morning,—there was only one other lady in the car, and she didn't know me,—and she said her daughter hadn't joined our society, and she didn't think she should have her do so. She said she didn't believe it amounted to anything, the work we did, and that we didn't appear to her to have the spirit of missions at all. She said missionary work wasn't worth anything unless it began with the end of the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew; and then she said, 'Do you suppose these gay young girls are doing their work in that spirit? Some things don't look like it to me.' They left the car then, and I've thought about it ever since. There must be something wrong, or nobody would speak so."

"What could she mean?" said Esther indignantly. "I'm sure we have been a very successful society, taking everything together." "What are those verses in Matthew?" asked Jo. "I never remember things by the reference."

"O, they are only those 'Inasmuch' verses," said Kitty; but Marian turned to the Bible, and read them over slowly:

"For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison and ye came unto me. . . . Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me!"

"That's just what the missionaries are doing all the time," said Jo; "and we do help with our money."

"So we do; a whole dollar's worth apiece, every year!" said Marian. "What a reward we deserve, don't we—that is, of course, if we do it for Christ's sake! But do we do it for that? I declare, I'm not quite sure that we do even that much!"

"Neither am I," said Kitty. "I never think about that part of it, I'm afraid."

"What was it that Mrs. Hill said at our annual meeting?" said Elsie. "She said that the work was to bring the world to Christ, and that it would never be done till all the Christians in the world were working for that with all their hearts; and that our part at home, though it didn't show much, and wasn't

so grand as the work of our missionaries, was important, too, like the strands in the rope that holds the grappling-hook, you know. And that's just what I'm not sure of, whether we *have* been doing our part."

"What is our part?" asked Jo, softly.

"Of course it must be giving, partly," said Marian, with a thoughtful face, "but that can't be all, I know. I've wanted to have our society a success, and I do believe I've been working for *that* more than for anything else."

"I believe we haven't any of us been much better, so far as that goes," said Esther, suddenly producing pencil and paper. "Look here, girls, let's write down just what we have been working for, really and truly, without thinking whether it is the right thing to say; and then if you'll let me read the papers, I'll promise never to tell which wrote which, if I should recognize the hand. I should just like to see if that Mrs. Gore was right, and we really have been working in the wrong way."

The girls were very grave and earnest as they took the papers and wrote. Girls can be grave and earnest, sometimes, even among themselves. It was some minutes before the last slip was laid on the table, and Esther took up one to read.

"I have worked because I like to be with Elsie," it ran, "and she cared about missions, so I tried to do the same. And I was glad to be doing some good, but I never thought there was anything more to do than to come to meeting and give my money." Jo looked so conscious that the girls laughed, in spite of themselves. "I suppose there might be worse motives than love for one's friends," said Esther, taking up the next slip.

"I've always been to meeting because it was part of church work, and I like to do my part!" she read. "Well, there isn't much to be said to that. What's the next one? 'Because we've undertaken it, and want to carry it through, and make it as successful as the societies we read about.' And this next one says, 'Because the girls in other countries ought to have the same chance to be happy and good that we have, and I'd like to help a little, though I don't always think about that part of it as I ought.'"

The girls all look at Elsie, who blushed scarlet. "Anybody would know who that was," said Kitty. "Go on, Esther."

"The last one reads, 'I suppose I go because I've always been to some kind of a mission-meeting since I was a little thing, and I like the girls that go to this one, and I like to make plans, and work them out, and all that, but I want to do good, too!'"

"Well," said the secretary, deliberately, laying down the last paper, "it seems to me there might be more elevated reasons for carrying on part of the work that so many people have given their lives for!"

"Christ himself gave his life for it," said Kitty, with her bright eyes full of tears, "and we've just been working for ourselves more than anything else—*our* society, and *our* church, and *our* friends—that is, all but Elsie."

"But I have, too," cried Elsie. "I haven't been more than half in earnest, or how could I have been satisfied with giving a dollar a year, and going to these meetings once a month? I don't think there is an earthly thing besides that I do, and we just said that couldn't be all 'our part.'"

"What is?" asked Jo, again.

Marian turned to the Bible once more. "It must be just this verse," she said: "'An hungered, and ye gave me meat: thirsty, and ye gave me drink: naked, and ye clothed me: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me.' I suppose we aren't really working for missions until we are working for that with all our strength."

"Well, how are we to do it?" said practical Jo. "I don't know any hungry to feed, except all my small brothers and sisters. They want bread and butter often enough."

"But I do believe that must be part of it!" cried Elsie, eagerly. "The cup of cold water to a little one, you know, and bearing each other's burdens! I never thought of that being part of mission-work!"

"And there is the feeding of hungry souls," said Marian, — just what the missionaries are doing: that's where our money comes in; only I mean to do more than a dollar's worth a year, after this. Besides there is that mission-school on the dock, that Dr. Hill asked us to go to. I'll go next Sunday."

"So will I," said Esther. "And there's the next part, May, 'Naked, and ye clothed me.' We might make some of those clothes that the Dorcas Society are doing for that poor family. I've begun making Christmas presents already, but they can wait. Let's ask Mrs. Hill for something."

"But the next is easiest of all," said Kitty—"sick, and in prison.' See here girls, Hetty Frost has been shut up for months, and I don't believe any of us have been to see her for a long time. And there's little Jennie Blake—I believe I'll make some paper dolls to take her. She'll never walk again, they say."

"And there's that shy Miss Dean," said Elsie—"that young teacher. Dr. Hill asked me to call on her nearly a year ago, and I haven't. 'A stranger, and ye took me in': I'll go there before I go home to-day. Come with me, Jo, will you?"

"Girls, how have we dared say we were working for missions?" said Marian. "To think of the women who give their whole time and strength for others, and spend their lives in those wretched homes, and never think of ease or pleasure except by the way, and we just have a good time, and sandwich in little bits of gifts, here and there, and call it mission-work! No wonder we don't make it a success!" Marian's voice broke suddenly, and she hid her face in her hands.

Then an unheard of thing happened in the "Young Ladies' Mission Circle."

Little Jo, the youngest of the party, the girl who always followed the lead of the others, and never put forth new ideas—Jo advanced to the table, and spoke her mind with her hand on Marian's shoulder.

"I'll tell you what it is," she said, simply, "we must just begin all over again. Of course we've all been very silly, and wrong, and conceited, too, over our society, but it isn't too late to do better; and now that we know what to do, we will do better. We'll just do our part at home; and make the help we send to the missionaries worth something. We won't let it be possible for people to say that we are not working for Christ so much as for ourselves, and we'll be so much in earnest that we can't help having some influence for Him and for his servants—I mean the missionaries, you know. And, girls, don't you think we'd better turn this meeting into a prayer-meeting, and ask Him to help us?"

If any one had told these girls that such a proposition would be made in their meeting that day, and that Jo would make it, I suppose that not one of them would have believed her ears; but the proposal did not seem out of place when it came. They knelt down together, without a word, and Elsie prayed simply for them all:

“Lord Jesus, thou knowest that we want to serve thee, though we have made so many mistakes, and been so foolish; and we do care about thy servants who are doing so much for thee, and we will try to do our part at home, and help them as well as we can. And if we have done harm by our careless ways, wilt thou forgive us, and help us to begin it all over again, and show those about us that we are in earnest. And, O Lord, we thank thee that there are so many wise and good people all over the world who are really feeding the hungry, and visiting the sick, and teaching the ignorant for thee. Help us to be more like them and more like Thee, for thine own dear name’s sake. Amen.”

The meeting broke up very quietly after that; but somehow the memory of that talk stayed with the girls, through the days that followed, as no other had ever done. To Jo, supplying the wants and sympathizing with the troubles of the multitudinous brothers and sisters, or going with Elsie to visit a lonely teacher; to Marian and Esther, sewing on coarse garments for the Dorcas Society, or going shyly down to the Dock Mission-school on Sunday afternoon; to Kitty, flashing like a sunbeam into the wearisome sick-room life of Hetty Frost or Jenny Blake,—came like a tender refrain, the words of the Great Helper, “Ye have done it unto me.” And the loving, earnest prayers that went up night by night from girlish lips for the brave-hearted workers in far-off lands, proved how truly the girls were doing “their part.”

What effect the new state of things will have upon the outward fortunes of the “Young Ladies’ Circle,” no one can yet tell. Some wise hearts who understand the working of these girlish minds think that the best omen for the future of the society they love is, that its chief members have left off working for their society at all, and are thinking only of what they can do for the Master who bids all his children labor for him.—*Life and Light.*

“ Whene’er a noble deed is wrought,
 Whene’er is spoken a noble thought,
 Our hearts in glad surprise
 To higher levels rise.

“ The tidal wave of deeper souls
 Into our inmost being rolls,
 And lifts us, unawares,
 Out of all meaner cares.”

Words from Home Workers.

VERMONT.

AT the December session of the Huntington Q. M., held at Starksboro, a Quarterly Meeting W. M. Society was organized. The following persons were chosen its officers : Mrs. J. W. Burgin, President; Mrs. G. B. Clifford, Secretary, and Mrs. E. B. Fuller, Treasurer. No public meeting has yet been held, as the last session of the Quarterly Meeting was thinly attended, in consequence of bad traveling and weather. There seems not as much interest in some of the churches as there should be, but hope says that there are brighter days before us.

MRS. G. B. CLIFFORD, *Secretary.*

RHODE ISLAND.

Miss Earle, a member of the Juvenile Committee having in charge the mission work of the children in the Park Street Church, reports a mite-box party of the Little Helpers held at her home. After this wise, she says : "I gave out forty invitations on cards, which bore the date and place of meeting. Twenty-two were present, and I heard of others who started to come, but did not find the street. For a while they amused themselves with picture-books and puzzles, then we had singing.

"Eagerly they gathered about the table to see their boxes opened, and the money counted. There were four dollars and four cents in all, and most of the children had earned the money, or saved what had been given them for candy. I had arranged to have two or three interesting stories read, but as the afternoon was far spent, I gave them some light refreshments and let them go home. From appearances they all seemed to enjoy themselves, and many said they had a good time. I think they did well to bring so much money, as some of them had had their boxes only two or three weeks. I am confident they will raise their apportionment without an entertainment."

MINNESOTA.

The Western Home Secretary, Mrs. Crosswell, reports the forming of a band from two Sunday-school classes, Mrs. Bradbury's and Mrs. Cook's, in the Minneapolis church. What a delightful thing ! May we not know much of their work, and the cheering news that more than one of this Band are hearing "voices" which call them to special service for the Lord ?

DAKOTA.

Mrs. Mathews, writing from Sioux Falls, says : "We have been in this new country since last June, and in this stirring, growing city of Sioux Falls of six thousand inhabitants. After many days and months of planning and prayer, a Free Baptist church was organized in January, the first in this broad territory. We are weak in numbers, but I believe strong in faith that great good can be done here. There is great need for a missionary for Dakota. Hardly a week goes by that we do not hear of some new place where we might plant a F. B. standard. We

have not organized a woman's missionary society yet, but hope to do so soon. We are placed where we see much to be done, but the means is often wanting."

Mrs. Joy, writing from Frankfort in this Territory, says: "It may be of interest to the sisters in the States to know that the missionary society planted January 30 on this broad prairie, still lives. Our number is yet small, and our contributions not large, yet we will not despise these beginnings. We will work, and pray, and wait. We enjoy the reports from the different localities, and hope none will neglect to write our most excellent *HELPER*, not even the old Granite State."

Here and there are to be found those whose hearts are responsive to good works. A sister says: "I am one of the 'Shut-ins,' being confined to my house almost entirely, and to my room a great deal of the time, and the *HELPER* is a welcome visitor. I think my interest in foreign missions increases with every copy." Another, becoming conscious of latent forces, thus expresses herself: "I hope by practice to become a more efficient writer, and am praying God to enable me to labor successfully for Him with my pen."

AN order from a brother in a quiet conservative town is accompanied with words like these: What a misfortune it is that so many feel so little, or no interest at all, in the great work of Christian duty, any farther than in the narrow circle of home. Well, we must let "patience have its perfect work" when we contemplate this aspect of the case, or we fret sinfully, and ourselves falter in the work of well doing. Yes, brother, but your example of patience in the twenty-five copies you order with ten dollars, encourages us. Would that many more would thus add knowledge to patience.

Topic for Monthly Meeting.

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."—JAMES 1., 17.

THE days are gliding by, and this issue brings us to the middle of the volume. There were a large number of subscriptions made for six months at this time last year, and some commenced a subscription for a year then, which now expires. Is not the present a good opportunity for agents to increase their lists, and others to send in their names? Five hundred additional subscribers would be welcomed. Will not those who have been hesitating about renewing decide now? Send word early, that we may know how many copies to print for July issue.

Children's Niche.



Angel Blessings.

PEARL drops in air,
Dewy and fair!
Shells of the sky,
Clouds floating by,
Stopping to dream and rest,
Falling on earth's green crest.

Pearl drops of roses!
Sky shells of roses!
Cloudlets of roses!
Roses of June!
List to the rune —
Singing,
Flinging,
Angel blessings
Love's caressings,
The roses, the roses of June.

Sweet thoughts are roses,
Dear words are roses,
Kind deeds are roses,
Better than roses of June!
Buds of the heart!
Blooms of the soul!
Mystical art,
Thus to unroll
The dark days,
And sad days,
To beautiful days of June!

June and its roses,
Life and its roses,
Bringing,
Flinging,
Love's caressings,
Angel blessings,
The roses of life's bright June.

— ESTHER T. HOUSH.

“ Go forth and labor! A crown awaits
The faithful servant at heaven's high gates.”

A Missionary May-Party.

ON the top of a high hill not far from the city of B— there stands a large, white farm-house, and such a commotion as there was in and about it one May-day morning! “Mrs. Spudge,” the old horse, who was perfectly safe to take children about, because she very seldom went faster than a walk, was standing by the door harnessed into a lumber-wagon ; and seven boys and girls — Susie, Katie, and Mollie Blake, and their cousins, Fred, Harry, Edgar, and Willie Norton — were evidently getting ready for some grand expedition. In and out of the house they went, in and out of the wagon, in and out of the barn, across the street, in and out everywhere indeed, happy and excited over their preparations ; and yet they looked so serious and important, that you would have known it was not to be all play. The fact was it was to be a missionary May-day. A missionary had been visiting in the house ; and she had interested them so much in heathen children, that they had come to the conclusion that they must do something for them. Mamma had been consulted and had planned this May-day for them. They were to gather all the May-flowers they could, and take them into the city, and sell them to Mr. N—, the florist. This plan was received with great delight. The neighbors’ children were invited to join them ; and not much else was talked of in the two days that passed before May-day.

The morning came at last ; and for a wonder, it was warm and pleasant. By nine o’clock the wagon was filled with its precious weight of children, with baskets for flowers and evergreen, and baskets of “lunching,” as Katie called it. Papa got up on the driver’s seat, as happy as any of the children ; and off they started for Browning’s Woods, about a mile away. More children were taken in on the way ; and they sang and talked and laughed so loud, that the people in the houses all came running to their windows to see who in the world was going by.

They soon got to the woods, took their baskets and boxes, and went in among the trees to look for the flowers. They scrambled over rocks, and trunks of trees ; they tumbled down, and jumped up again ; they caught their hats in the limbs of trees ; and some of them tore their clothes, I am sorry to say ; but they were in such spirits that every mishap

only made them laugh the more; and all the time they were exclaiming, "Oh, how lovely!" "Oh, just see these big pink ones!" or, "What jolly large ones!" as they came suddenly on the beautiful clusters under the brown leaves.

After a while Mr. Blake blew the horn to let them know that it was luncheon-time; and they came trooping back to the wagon, loaded with fragrant blossoms in wet moss. If you could have seen their rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, you would have thought they made the prettiest sight you had ever seen.

"Who shall be queen?" said Susie, as they sat down to rest. "We must choose our queen before we have luncheon."

"Oh, bother the queen," said Harry. "Let's have luncheon. I'm awfully hungry!"

"Why! who ever heard of a May-party without a queen?" "We must have one — of course we must!" exclaimed two or three girls at once.

"We can't spare any flowers to make her a crown," said Harry. "We want to sell every one."

"Oh! I almost forgot this was a missionary party," said Susie, thoughtfully. "Well, we'll have a missionary queen. Missionaries don't care for crowns, you know."

"They don't care for crowns now, perhaps," said Mr. Blake; "but they will have beautiful, heavenly crowns some day — better than any of us who stay here in our comfortable homes."

"I think it would be horrid to have a queen without a crown," said Jennie Snow, who was rather vain, and was thinking to herself, "Who would make a better queen than I?"

"I'll tell you what will do," said Eddie Norton, "as long as this is a missionary party, let us have a *pasha* instead of a queen."

"Oh, yes! that's a good idea, that will be fun," they all exclaimed, and pieces of paper were immediately passed around for votes.

Harry Norton was chosen *pasha*, and escorted with great ceremony to a rock, where he was made to sit down cross-legged on a bright shawl that answered for a rug; another bright shawl was pinned around him for a Turkish tunic, and a red silk handkerchief tied around his head for a fez cap. He had a long stick for a pipe; and there he sat trying to

look as sleepy and stupid as a Turk. Pretty soon, he began to think he wasn't to have any luncheon, and so this proud pasha said in a very loud voice :

“ Light to your eyes, most beautiful Katherine, Star of the Morning ! Would it be possible for your charming hands to pass me the bread and butter ! ”

“ Wait till it is cut up,” said practical Katie, without the least reverence for his highness. So they talked and laughed through the luncheon. Afterward they had games, and a short missionary talk from Mr. Blake ; and then they all climbed into the wagon, and drove back to the farm-house. There the flowers were tied in neat little bunches, packed with wet moss, and placed in the refrigerator, to be carried into the city the next day.

Harry and Susie being the oldest were allowed to drive into the city with Mr. Blake, to a flower-store. The kind-hearted florist couldn't resist the pleading eyes of the children, and they went home with three new crisp one dollar bills for the missionaries.— *Mission Dayspring.*

Politeness of the Chinese.

THE excessive politeness of the Chinese is noticed in the language as well as the manners of the people. In asking a friend his place of residence, though you know him to be poor and that he probably occupies an inferior house, you must use the expression, “ Where is your mansion,” or “ honorable mansion ? ” and he replies, “ My hut,” or “ hovel,” is in such a place. This last expression is equally used by wealthy persons living in costly houses. The following and a great variety of similar expressions are constantly heard : “ What is your honorable age ? ” “ My empty ” or “ worthless number is forty-five.” “ Is your honorable wife living ? ” “ The mean person of the inner apartment is still in life.” “ Is your noble son doing well at school ? ” “ The contemptible little dog has learned a few characters.” “ Indeed you are too polite and deferential.” “ I dare not presume to claim such a reputation.” The language used in the correspondence of literary men abounds in phrases containing compliments and expressions of respect for the person addressed, together with corresponding ones of self-depreciation.— *China and the Chinese.*

For Children's Meetings.

AFRICA.



LET us sing "Ninety and Nine."
Read the parable of the Good Samaritan, Luke x., 30-37.

Sing "Rescue the Perishing."
Repeat the Lord's Prayer.

1. Let one of the children draw on the blackboard or a sheet of Bristol board, a line representing the coast line of Africa, from the Isthmus of Suez to Cape Guardafui. Let five others in turn extend the coast line to Cape of Good Hope, Gulf of Guinea, Cape Verd, Strait of Gibraltar, to Isthmus of Suez.
2. Let two others draw the Nile and Niger rivers, and tell what they know of each.
3. Now right in the middle of your map write 205,700,000. What does this mean? It means that in this country, about which

we are studying, there are 205,700,000 people.

4. What color are they?
5. Why is it called the Dark Continent?

Answer. Because people know but little about it, and because most of the people there know nothing of Jesus, the "Light of the World."

6. Have white people always treated these people as they should?

7. How have they treated them?
- Repeat in concert the "New Commandment" which Jesus gave.—John xiii., 34.
8. Collection.
9. Sing "I love to tell the Story."

L. M. P. Durgin.

Before the next meeting I'd like for you to learn all you can about Robert Moffat and David Livingstone.

Contributions

FROM APRIL 1 TO MAY 1, 1884.

MAINE.

Anson, Q. M. collection..... \$2 30
Brunswick, Auxiliary, for native teacher, Orna..... 6 25
East Otisfield, Auxiliary, for Miss M. Bacheler's support, and towards constituting Miss Estelle Knight L. M..... 3 56
Greene, Auxiliary, for F. M..... 5 00
Harrison, Auxiliary, for Minnie, and towards constituting Mrs. L. M. Raymond L. M..... 6 25
Lewiston, Main Street, Auxiliary, \$.75 of which for Incidental Fund..... 18 25
Lewiston, Main Street, Sunday School Class, for Caroline.... 5 00
Lisbon Falls, Auxiliary..... 20 00
New Portland, Auxiliary, towards constituting Mrs. O. E. Savage L. M..... 2 15
Portland, Auxiliary, for Miss M. Bacheler's salary..... 10 00
South Limington, Auxiliary..... 3 50
Sumner, Auxiliary, for Miss Miller's ragged schools, and to-

wards constituting Mrs. L. R. Barrows L. M.....	3 25
West Buxton, Auxiliary.....	6 00
West Buxton, from E. C. C., for F. M.....	5 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Danville, Sunday School Primary members, for Miss Ida Phillips' support.....	5 00
Danville, Auxiliary, for Miss Brackett's salary.....	5 00
Dover, First Church, Auxiliary.....	7 21
Dover, Washington Street, Auxiliary.....	11 10
Franklin Falls, Church, for Miss Brackett's salary.....	7 00
Gilmanton, Miss Hannah Carr.....	50 00
Pittsfield, Young People's Society, for Mrs. D. F. Smith's work.....	6 25
Rochester, Mrs. C. D. True.....	5 00
Strafford Centre, Mrs. T. Read.....	1 00

VERMONT.

Corinth, Auxiliary, for Mrs. D. F. Smith.....	2 00
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MASSACHUSETTS.

Everett, Mrs. C. A. Littlefield...	2 00
East Somerville, Auxiliary, for support of Somerville school in India.....	25 00
Taunton, Auxiliary, for Miss H. Phillips' support.....	2 50
Taunton, Auxiliary, for Miss Franklin's salary.....	2 50

RHODE ISLAND.

Carolina, Young People's Society, for Miss H. Phillips' support.....	2 50
Carolina, Young People's Society, for Miss Franklin's salary.....	2 50
Carolina, Young People's Society, for Incidental Fund.....	2 25
Greenville, Auxiliary, for Miss H. Phillips' support.....	2 50
Pawtucket, Auxiliary, for Miss H. Phillips' support.....	10 00
Pawtucket, Auxiliary, for Miss Franklin's salary.....	4 00
Pawtucket, Little Workers, for Miss Ida Phillips' support.....	3 75
Providence, Greenwich Street, Auxiliary, for Miss H. Phillips' support.....	2 25
Providence, Park Street, Auxiliary, for Miss H. Phillips' support.....	6 25
Providence, Park Street, Little Helpers, for Miss Franklin's salary.....	6 00
Providence, Roger Williams, Auxiliary, for Miss Franklin's salary.....	5 50
Providence, Roger Williams, Auxiliary, for Miss Hattie Phillips' support.....	21 25
Providence, Roger Williams, Auxiliary, for Ragged Schools.....	20 00
Providence, Roger Williams, Auxiliary, for Incidental Fund.....	2 00

ILLINOIS.

Four Mile Grove, for F. M.....	1 00
Homer, Auxiliary, for F. M.....	5 00
Prairie City, Auxiliary, \$15 of which is for Sarah, with Mrs. Phillips.....	18 25

MICHIGAN.

Calhoun and North Branch Q. M. W. M. Society, for western work.....	17 00
Montague, \$5.00 of which is for Miss Ida Phillips' support.....	15 00

WISCONSIN.

Burnett, Mission Band, for zenana teacher.....	13
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MINNESOTA.

Castle Rock, Auxiliary, for native teacher, Romani.....	10 00
Champlin, Auxiliary, for zenana work.....	10 00
Pickwick, Auxiliary.....	1 00

DAKOTA TERRITORY.

Frankfort, Auxiliary.....	30
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WEST VIRGINIA.

Harper's Ferry, Sunday School..	14 32
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Total..... \$419 38

L. A. DEMERITTE, *Treas.*,

per M. S. WATERMAN,

DOVER, N. H. Assistant *Treas.*

OHIO ASSOCIATION.

Receipts for March and April, 1884.

OHIO.

	F. M.	H. M.	Ed. Soc.
York Church, Harmony Q. M.....	\$7.00		
Mrs. Jesse Cook, Kipton, for Harper's Ferry.....		\$1.00	
Rio Grande, Auxiliary.....	8.15	1.15	\$.50
Gallia, Q. M. Collection.....	2.60	2.60	
Middleport, Auxiliary and Church.....	3.89		
Second, Rutland, Auxiliary.....	4.78	.94	.47
Cleveland, Auxiliary.....	3.93	2.90	1.44

PENNSYLVANIA.

Salem, Auxiliary, Crawford, Q. M.....	3.82
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Total..... \$34.17 \$8.59 \$2.41

MRS. H. J. COE, *Treasurer.*

CLEVELAND, O.

BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

F. M. H. M. Ed. Soc.

Aggregate..... \$547.96 \$139.13 \$54.31

April 30, 1884. E. N. FERNALD, *Treas.*, LEWISTON, Me.